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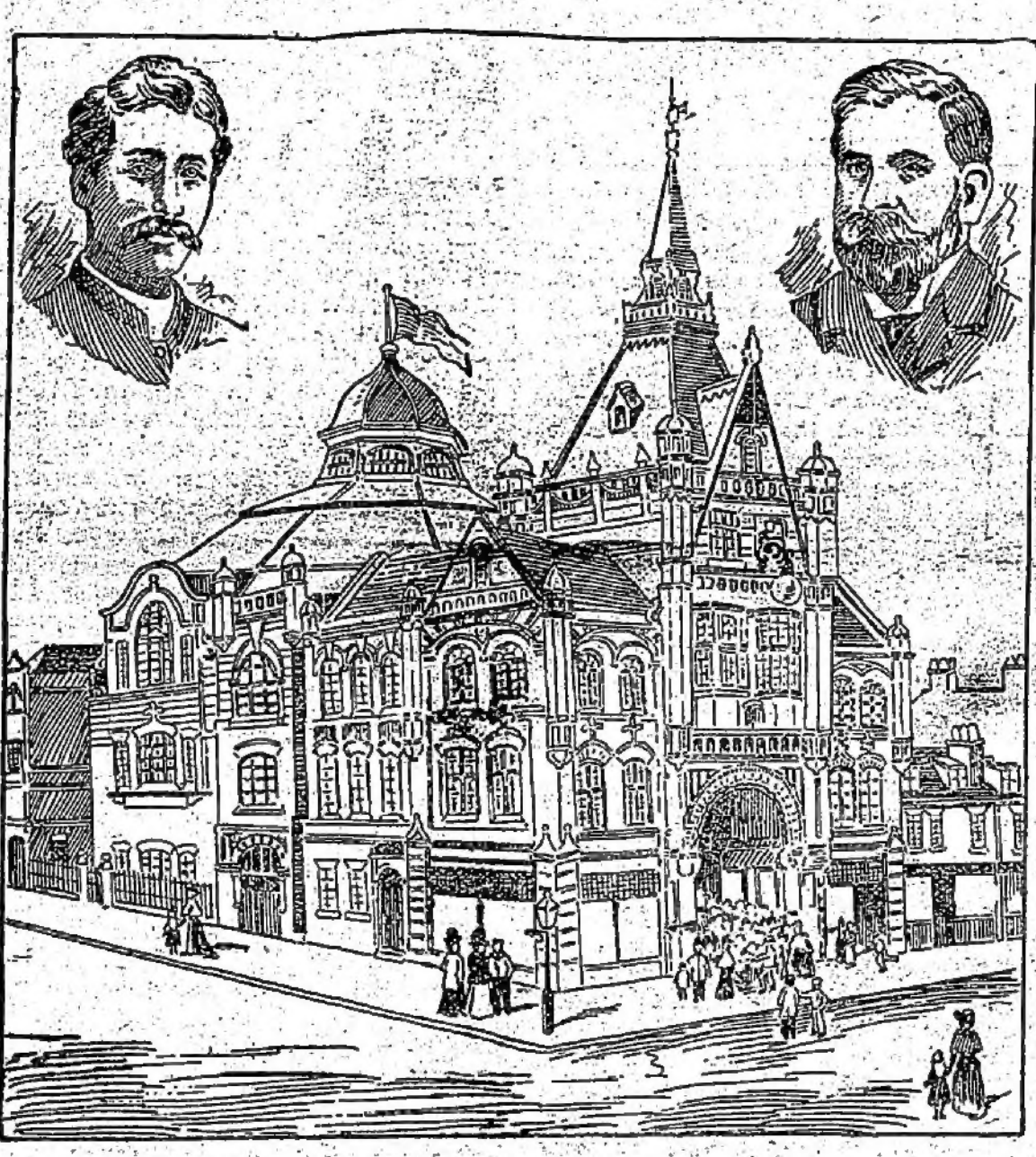
Methodist Hall For South London.

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF GOSPEL WORK.

During the last ten years a wonderful work for Christ has been done in the Southwark district through the ministry of the Revs. J. H. Hopkins and H. T. Meakin, who have had charge of what is known as the South London Mission. This work can justly be characterised as one of the greatest of modern movements in the huge metropolis. We give a picture of the



NEW METHODIST CENTRAL HALL FOR SOUTH LONDON MISSION WITH PORTRAITS OF LEADERS.

South London Central Hall, as it will appear when finished. This building is the latest development of the Mission, and its erection has been rendered necessary by constant growth of numbers and influence.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stones of the South London Central Hall was carried out on Thursday, July 27. Tea was provided in the Southwark schoolroom, where previously the invited guests had been received by the chairman of the district the Rev. Walford Green, and Mrs. Green. After tea, led by the Southwark Military Band, the assembled crowd of distinguished Methodists and local mission workers and friends started for the site, where the stones were duly laid. At the meeting subsequently held in Southwark Chapel, the chair was taken by Mr. J. V. Early, who has taken a great interest in the movement, and the speakers included the Revs. Walford Green, J. H. Hopkins, H. T. Meakin, C. H. Kelly, and Thomas Champness.

ORIGIN OF THE MISSION.

About eleven years ago the 'Bitter Cry of Outcast London' was published, and its revelations of the sin and misery of the London slums produced a wonderful sensation. When the excitement was at its height, a meeting of the London Wesleyan ministers was held in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, the outcome of which was the establishment of the Wesleyan London Mission. The Rev. J. H. Hopkins undertook the work of the Mission in South London, Long Lane Chapel, Southwark, being its headquarters. While organizing the Mission, Mr. Meakin was, in 1899, invited to join the work. Mr. Meakin was at that time a railway employee in Derby who had considerable success in mission work in that town, and who, at the very time of the invitation, felt an irresistible call to devote his time entirely to mission work, a desire which, unknown to him, had also taken possession of his wife. This call, which they rightly believed to be of God, was immediately accepted, although greatly opposed by many of their friends. On coming to London, Mr. Meakin was placed in charge of Locksfields Chapel, Bermondsey, a place which had been described as the 'White Elephant of London Methodism.'

EARLY STRUGGLES AND VICTORY.

Messrs. Hopkins and Meakin found the beginning of their mission work most laborious and trying, and nothing but the grace of God could have held them up. In their district was Collier's Rents, one of the three first dealt with in the 'Bitter Cry,' and this was but a sample of the whole neighborhood. Everywhere misery, vice, and crime abounded, but these noble pioneers were inspired by true zeal and faith, which met with its true reward; and to-day there are marvellous records to be placed to the credit of the Mission. In about two years Locksfields Chapel became so crowded that it was enlarged to seat 1,000 persons, while large schoolrooms were built in the rear, and upon the first Sunday night of its reopening every seat was occupied, and this success has continued to the present time. The large schoolrooms are also regularly filled to their utmost limit. Every Sunday night in the galleries of the chapel may be seen groups of people—costermongers and the like—such as are not often seen in churches or chapels. The other day Mr. Meakin announced a service for bird-catchers, and the publicans in the neighborhood, who had discussed the matter in their bar parlors, came to 'hear what the chap had got to say.' The result was a curious illustration of his text, 'In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.'

Long Lane Chapel, the headquarters of the Mission, unlike Locksfields, has always had a good membership, and under the Rev. J. H. Hopkins it has been a highly successful centre—so much so, that the Bermondsey Town Hall has had to be hired on Sundays as a branch mission for workmen's services.

THE NEW CENTRAL HALL.

The two missioners now felt that a further extension of their work was necessary, and a site for a proposed Central Hall was secured within a very short distance of the Tower Bridge. Owing to alterations which had been made in cutting the new road, a block containing twenty-two miserable houses and shops, the inevitable public-house, and some land, was, with the exception of the public-house and two shops, for sale. This was purchased for the sum of £8,000, including freehold.

As will be seen from our picture, the building now being erected has nothing of the ecclesiastical appearance. The object is to gain the masses of poor, wretched outcasts of society, and it is well known that to these, until they are renewed in heart, the idea of entering a church or chapel is repellent. Passing through the entrance hall, a noble hall is reached, capable of seating 2,200 persons—1,200 on the ground floor, and 1,000 in the gallery—the seats of which are so arranged that every person will have a clear view of the preacher, who will occupy a platform brought well forward into the hall. The basement floor, which will be well lighted from the streets, is provided with a hall seating 800 persons—which can be subdivided—and also six class-rooms with kitchen and other rooms for social purposes. On the gallery

floor and tower there will also be a number of rooms, to be used for various meetings. The shops in the front of the building will be let, and the rents devoted to the working expenses of the building.

The work of the mission has already been conducted in five buildings—the two chapels, Bermondsey Town Hall, Newington Baths (Sunday afternoon services), and John Street Mission Schools. These will still be kept on, and the Central Hall will break new ground, and so will add to the sum total of Christian enterprise in the midst of this large population. When the new building is opened, there will be sitting accommodation in the various branches of the mission for 8,000 people. The success of the work of Messrs. Hopkins and Mealkin hitherto gives great hope that this extension will be equally fruitful of good results.

The cost of the erection of the new hall will be nearly £30,000, contributions towards which will be thankfully received by Revs. J. H. Hopkins and H. T. Mcakin, 12, Chapel Place, Long Lane, London, S.E.; or by the treasurer, Rev. Walford Green, The Centenary Hall, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

REV. JOSEPH H. HOPKINS.

Superintendent of Southwark Wesleyan Mission.

It was in the remote parish of Meifod, Montgomeryshire, that Joseph Hopkins first saw the light. At the age of nineteen we find the young man, who had by that time moved to Oswestry, entering earnestly on the duties of a local preacher; and for the space of two years he faithfully applied himself to this preparatory service, finding an ample outlet for his Welsh fervor of speech and his burning zeal for the salvation of men. In 1868 he was a successful candidate for the sacred office of the ministry among the Wesleyan Methodists. As one of the youngest candidates, he was placed on the president's list of reserve, there being no opening in the college that year. In this capacity he was sent down to Girvan, in Ayrshire, on a somewhat trying and apparently hopeless errand. He was commissioned to reopen a chapel that had been three times closed as a failure. Mr. Hopkins found the membership of this existing little Scottish society to consist of three old men, all of them over seventy years of age. The first Sunday morning service was a somewhat discouraging one; but at the evening service the young preacher experienced the joy of harvest in the definite spiritual decision of seven persons. Three of these converts were young men, who, in their turn, became local preachers. So manifestly did the seal of Divine approval rest on Mr. Hopkins's ministry at Girvan, that when he left, at the end of a year, there was a vigorous society of eighty members, and it has flourished ever since. This experience, of course, confirmed the young candidate in the resolve to make the preaching of the Gospel his life-work.

After leaving college, Mr. Hopkins was appointed to Crewe. Here he passed three successful years, and in 1875 he was moved to Rochdale. An outstanding feature of his work there was the promotion of a remarkable spiritual revival at Littleborough, where he resided. The whole village felt the influence of this visitation, to an extent that had been unknown for thirty years. As a result, over 250 souls were added to the church. The important town of Bradford was the next scene of Mr. Hopkins' labors. During his term of service the church under his charge in Otley Road increased its membership by more than 300. His influence for good was felt in the town in many ways. In 1881 he was appointed to York, where he had the oversight of a small society that met in a day-school. There was an understanding that if the school-building grew too small, a needed chapel would be built. The school was crowded out, and the chapel was built, with accommodation for 900 people; it is now the rallying-ground of a large and active society. From York Mr. Hopkins was passed to Gravel Lane, Manchester, where he labored in word and doctrine for three years, having conversions Sunday after Sunday. In 1888 Mr. Hopkins came, by appointment of Conference, to Barry Road, East Dulwich—a church which, it may be remembered, was for some time the scene of the ministry of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. At Barry Road Mr. Hopkins's devoted labors were received with wide acceptance and crowned with manifest success. The society was much enlarged as to numbers, and the spirituality of the church quickened.

When the London Wesleyan Mission resolved to create a new centre of the Forward Movement in the densely-peopled and spiritually-needy district of Southwark, Mr. Hopkins was invited there, and, after much prayerful deliberation, he was convinced that the call to this ministry was clearly from God. With a brave heart Mr. Hopkins threw himself into the surrounding forces of evil, and God has blessed him of a truth. During the ten years he has been in charge of this work, it has constantly grown, not a Sunday having passed without conversions to Christ, and whereas in 1889 there was only a membership of 415, now there are 1,744, which fact alone constitutes one of the most remarkable spiritual developments London has seen.—'Christian Herald.'

The Duty of Making People Like You.

(By Anna F. Burnham, in 'Wellspring.')

There are people who feel that it is a sin to care to be 'popular' in the common meaning of the word. We cannot agree with them.

'What difference does it make whether people like you?' queries gruff Harry Blunt defiantly. 'Do right, as near as you can, and let the world wag!'

That sort of speech has a ring of honesty about it that is very attractive. Sincerity is a splendid virtue. We all love to see any one 'side with truth,' even to the extent of 'sharing her wretched crust.' It somehow seems a very fine thing to mount a high hobby-horse, and prance about defiantly by the roadside, shouting, 'Good-by, proud world!' and going about our own wilful business. The question is, is it as fine as it looks?

There is a phrase of the 'benediction' as we hear it in most of our churches two or three times a week that always sinks deep into my heart and sets me longing for its realization in myself and others: 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all;' do you suppose that means only forgiveness and peace with God, and such gifts of grace (or goodness) as we commonly ask for through Christ our Lord? I do not. I love to believe that the dispositions and manners of Christ, if we may so speak, are also intended. What lovely ways he had! So winning was he all through his wondrous childhood that there is a special verse in the gospels to tell about it. He grew in favor with God and man. Of course when he grew older and had foes to fight, the foe did not love him. But even then his voice and look would often conquer. The truth is, roughness and rudeness are not Christ-like, and the ideal Christian is everywhere the gentle man.

There are two or three secrets of personal liking or popularity, if you want that word, which are always safe and right to use, and almost always effective. We are taking it for granted that it is best to have people like you, as a rule; that it does make a difference, Harry, in the great issues and the critical moments of life; let us go further and say that it is your duty to make people like you, rather than the other thing, whenever it can be honestly done. For their own good you must try to win and please them. Don't you know that hating hurts? It shrivels a soul all up, burns it, wizens it, withers all the life out of it. Then don't make it easy for other people to hate you, or your ways, which amounts in the end to about the same thing. Another reason is that by just so much as you are true and noble-minded and one who means to stand up for principle in this world where Daniels aren't plenty, your disagreeableness (if that must be counted in with your good qualities) hinders and spoils all your efforts. An unpleasant way goes against all goodness. It makes it hard for us to love that which is lovable. No fear that winsomeness will make you the less valiant. A soldier does not fight the better for having specks of rust on his armor.

As for the secrets or receipts mentioned above, it will be enough to mention one or two of them, and ask you to look out for others along the same line. You will all expect me to begin to talk about doing kindnesses, saying pleasant things, and other forms of active goodness. Those are all delightful ways, but something else comes first. A great many disagreeable people are fairly burdensome in their kindness. What would I have you do then?—Just beware of unkindnesses. Take care not to say the unpleasant thing whenever it can possibly be avoided. See to it that none of your actions incommode any one else, or make them wish you elsewhere. Try this negative sort of goodness for a day or a week, and report results. See if you do not find the big and little wheels of life go much more easily.

One Step.

(By Frances Bent Dillingham.)

Before the baby's round, blue eyes
A high, unmounted steep appears,
As up the stairs he looks through tears,
While all his new-born courage dies.

One tottering foot he thrusts at last
Forth from his wide-hemmed robe of white;
Lo! mother clasps his small hand tight,
And now the foremost step is past.

'But one short step at one short time,
But one step at a time, my dear.'
The mother's tender voice I hear
As baby learns the way to climb.

Before me lifts eternal space
Through which, from earth to stars, I see
A pathway infinite. Ah me!
How I shall faint a further pace!

I set one heavy foot before;
Behold! One weary step is won.
He held my hand, He led me on,
Whose upward aid is evermore.

'But one short step at one short time,
But one step at a time, my dear.'
The Father's tender voice is near
To teach his little child to climb.

—'C. E. World.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Seed Sown.

'No, Ellen, I won't, and that's flat! If you want another kettle on when all the things have been washed up and it's getting near dinner time, you may boil it yourself. I won't! It's getting to be nothing but missionaries now, and I am tired of it.' And Martha began her cooking preparations with an angry frown on her forehead instead of her usual pleasant smile.

'Why, Martha, what's come to you?' said Ellen, astonished. 'You are always such a friend to the missions, and give more than I do to our collecting-box. You ought to be glad to do anything for a real missionary from India, come home because he worked too hard among the poor heathen and got ill.'

'And so, I thought,' retorted Martha, 'if I was missis, and he was come to my house to tell me all about it. I would give him the best I had got, and be glad to, because of what the bible says. But to work twice as hard as usual, just for missis to get the reward, don't suit me at all, and I shan't do it, that's all about it!'

'I think there's something wrong about that, Martha,' returned Ellen thoughtfully, as she lifted the kettle on to the bright fire where it would soon boil for the missionary's tea. 'I know there's some text about it in the New Testament which we learned at bible-class, but I can't quite remember where.'

'I hope I am a good Christian and know my bible as well as you,' hastily said Martha, who was only the more anxious to prove herself right because of a suspicion in her heart that she was wrong. 'I know it says, if we give even a cup of cold water for Christ we give it to Him; but then we don't give it here—missis gives it; we only do the work.'

'MARTHA, I AM SO GLAD,' SAID THE LADY.

'Stop a bit, Martha,' said Ellen excitedly as she ran over to a table in the window where her bible lay and began hurriedly turning the pages. 'I think I can find the text—yes, here it is! But there is the kettle boiling; I must take up the tea, and will tell you about it when I come down.' And she shut the book and went off in eager haste.

Martha gave only a grunt in answer, and went on with her work while Ellen took up the dainty tea she had prepared for the hard-worked servant of God, to whose pale and worn but peaceful face all her heart had gone out. Eager as she was to get back to her talk with Martha, she did her best to make the tea as inviting as possible, and was rewarded with an approving smile from her mistress. When she reached the kitchen she found Martha studying her bible, and as Ellen entered she said, without looking up,

'Is this the text you mean, Ellen, Matt. 10, 41, "Whosoever receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward"? because that,' I say, refers to missis, not us.'

'No, that is not the one I mean,' quickly replied Ellen, again taking up her bible, 'though I think my text will show that does refer to us as well as missis. But look here, Ephesians 6, 5, 6, 7, and then the 8th verse: "Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord whether he be bond or free." That means us servants plain enough; that if we put our hearts into serving the tea or dinner that missis gives, we really are counted to give as much to the Lord as she does. Don't you think so, Martha?'

'I don't know; I never heard that before, and must think about it. Turn down the page, Ellen, and don't keep me dawdling about any longer or the dinner will be spoilt, and then missis will be angry,' and Martha bustled off in what seemed a very ungracious manner. But Ellen knew cook's ways, and that she was really a good woman at heart, so she wisely said no more, but went about her work, though she noticed that the dinner was never better sent up and that Martha was quite thoughtful all the evening.

The next day the tired missionary became ill, and was ordered complete rest for at least a week in bed. Glad as the lady was to be his nurse and hostess, she was a little uneasy as to the burden cast on her already busy maids, especially as Martha had never seemed quite cordial towards the guests she and her husband so honored and welcomed in their Lord's name.

But a surprise awaited her, for not only were all meals well served, but the invalid's appetite was tempted by many a dainty dish suggested by Martha herself, and when at length convalescence was reached, she felt as much was due to her faithful servant as to herself. One day she told her so in conveying the missionary's thanks with her own.

'I don't know how it was, Martha, that you so surpassed yourself,' she said, smiling, 'but I am very grateful to you.'

'Don't thank me, ma'am,' said Martha bluntly, 'I did it to the Lord as well as for my duty to you, and it was Ellen there who showed me how glad I ought to be for such a chance.' And she told the lady of their conversation and the texts.

'Martha, I am so glad,' said the lady, giving the handshake of a friend as she spoke. 'It is so happy to know that while in God's providence we are mistress and servant here for a time on earth, we are yet fellow-servants of the same Master in heaven. We shall all do our work here better for working in sympathy for Him, and I thank you for telling me.'

And the lady was right; the little seed sown in the bible-class, and taking root in Ellen's heart, brought forth good fruit in the future life of Martha, and then of others with whom she was brought in contact.—'Friendly Greeting.'

A Narrow Escape.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

(By Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins.)

Hal and Ned had been quarrelling. If you had asked them about it, they would have insisted that it was not a quarrel, but only 'a difference of opinion.' Older people sometimes fail to call things by their right names, as did these lads.

It had begun in this way. Ned had said, 'Pooh! no Mohammedan ever becomes a Christian. My father says it's a waste of money to send missionaries among them. And I think so too.'

Hal had listened with wide-open eyes of astonishment.

'But my Uncle George is a missionary; and they do become Christians; he says so,' and so it went on till at the hottest point of the discussion Hal's Uncle George himself walked out upon the piazza. He had come home from Persia because of ill-health.

'Would you like to hear a story?' he asked the boys, and hardly waiting for an answer, he went on, 'You know, Hal, I was for many years physician to the Crown Prince of Persia. I had access to his person constantly, and as he was usually attended by a number of his officers, I had many opportunities of telling about our Lord Jesus to quite a large circle of listeners. And I never failed to do so whenever an opening occurred.'

'Would they listen to you?' asked Hal.

'Oh, yes. The Crown Prince was very courteous, and evinced quite a fondness for me. God had used me to restore him to health once, when he was very ill and everyone had feared he was going to die. He not only listened when I talked of Jesus, but would ask many questions. Among the men about him was a tall, bright-eyed man whose intelligent face and pleasant address soon won my special attention. At first he did not seem to pay much attention when I talked about my religion. But after a while I found his eyes would be fastened upon me with great interest whenever I spoke of how Jesus had died to save men from sin.

'I had been in my position for almost two years, when, one evening as I was entering the mission grounds, this man overtook me and asked me to grant him a few moments' conversation, which I gladly did. I told him, as clearly as I could, the story of the cross, with which you, boys, are so familiar.

'Then I took from my pocket my Arabic Bible and offered it to him. He took it gladly and promised to read it.

'You know, boys, that the penalty of death attaches to any one of the Moslem faith, in Persia, who becomes a Christian. It is the same in Turkey, but in the latter country it is rarely enforced. In Persia it sometimes is.

'At the end of a few weeks this man professed conversion. I had a long talk with him. I asked him if he was willing to suffer persecution, perhaps death, for the sake of his religion. He said he was. But he was very quiet, and it was some time before it became known that he had espoused Christianity.'

'And when they found it out, did the Shah kill him?' asked Hal.

'I am coming to that,' responded his uncle. 'One afternoon he came running into the mission rooms in sore distress. He had been accused of abandoning the Mohammedan faith, and had boldly avowed his belief in Christ. Persecution at once followed, and he had escaped to the mission rooms. I glanced out of one of our windows while he was speaking, and saw that a strong guard had been placed around the buildings. In great distress and perplexity we dropped upon our knees in prayer for guidance and wisdom.

'While engaged in prayer a happy thought came to me. I have no doubt but that the Holy Spirit sent it. For over a week I had been suffering from a severe cold. I wore a large muffler about my throat and face whenever I stepped out of the house. I also used glasses, as I still do, and at that time I was wearing a very wide-brimmed sombrero hat.'

Ned's eyes sparkled. 'I know what you did. You dressed him up in your clothes,' he said, eagerly.

'You've guessed it exactly,' replied the doctor. 'And after it was done we spent a few moments longer in prayer, and together he and Dr. Spencer passed out through the guard and out of the village.'

Hal was almost breathless with eagerness. 'Don't stop!' he cried, as Dr. Holmes paused a moment to take breath.

'I covertly watched them. It was in the twilight, a trifle later than I usually took my walk. I saw them both courteously greet the guard, who paid but slight attention to them. Those blood-thirsty Moslems were too closely engaged in watching the buildings lest the recreant follower of 'Allah' should escape them, to care for the greeting of two hated Christians.'

Ned laughed gleefully. 'And he walked right out under their eyes, and they didn't know him!'

'Exactly. They did not suspect our ruse. He escaped to the coast, took passage on a boat just ready to sail, and came to this country. That was the last we knew of him for many years. You see, boys, it meant the giving up of everything upon earth that he held dear for this Mohammedan to become a Christian.'

'Did you ever see him again?' asked Hal.

'Yes. When I came home, the first place I visited was the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting in New York city. And here I found this man. He was one of the most earnest workers there. In some way he had learned a trade, and was supporting himself, and also helping to support the mission.'

Ned looked into Dr. Holmes' strong face and into the kindly eyes, and said.

'Then one Mohammedan did become a Christian. I'll tell father about him.'

'A Moslem is hard to reach,' Dr. Holmes gravely responded; 'but many of them are now Christians, scattered here and there. When one is converted he is changed all through, and he is ready to face anything, even death, for Christ.—'Child's Paper.'

The Cowbells.

Not because of their own music
As they tinkle down the lane,
But from memories interwoven
Would I hear the bells again,
With their jingle, jingle, jangle,
As up from the woodland tangle
Bess and Moll come home.

Melody I've heard that's sweeter
Swelling from the thrushes' throats;
But there's country peace and quiet
Mingled in the cowbells' notes,
With their jingle, jingle, jangle,
As up from woodland tangle
Kate and Nell come home.

Possibly because I'm weary
Of a city's ceaseless strife
That my heart swells out in longing
For the quiet, rural life,
Where with jingle, jangle, jingle
From lowland, dell and dingle
All the cows come home.

—Elizabeth D. Preston.

A Young Soldier.

(By Augusta H. Honk.)

Ralph Burton sat on the steps of the wood-house, looking very disconsolate. He hardly raised his eyes when he heard the cheery whistle of his cousin Philip, who was coming down the hill.

Ralph had always felt a great admiration for this city cousin, who was several years his superior, and had had many superior advantages. Philip was a fine gymnast, and knew all about baseball, tennis and other games that Ralph and the rest of the village boys only knew by name. He had finished his college course and had just been graduated from the medical college, and was now making his farewell visit to his relatives before leaving for India, where he was to be attached to a missionary station.

'Why, Ralph!' called Philip, as he vaulted lightly over the fence, 'what's wrong?'

'Everything,' replied Ralph, gloomily. He was usually a merry, happy boy, full of fun and frolic.

After choking down something that rose in his throat, a sob, perhaps, he continued:

'You heard what father said to me this morning, when I came down late to breakfast.'

'Yes,' replied Philip. He had been rather surprised at what he considered the unnecessary severity of his uncle's remarks.

'And mother says I'm the most disorderly person about the house, and it takes Maggie twice as long to put my room in order as it does Billy's. We used to room together, and I told mother Billy was as disorderly as I was; but, since she gave me a room by myself I see I was wrong. Billy says I'm a shirk. When father gave us the pony it was on the condition that we were to take care of it week about. Billy says when his turn comes it takes him nearly all the week to get the stable in order, and the pony looking fit to drive. I guess he's right, but it doesn't take me long to get things in such confusion that I have to hunt for the currycombs and brushes and most everything.

'Then the teacher says that if I don't do a good deal better in my studies I can't be advanced and shall have to stay in the same grade another year. I know if I do father will never send me to college. I get along pretty well in mathematics but I just hate Latin. I can't get interested in those old fellows that lived and died ages ago.'

'And would have been forgotten,' interrupted Philip, 'if the poor school-boys were not made to keep their memories green.'

Philip could not help smiling at this sally.

'Now,' continued Ralph, 'a man lived here in town once whose grandfather was one of Napoleon's soldiers. He used to tell me stories about Napoleon. Oh, wasn't he grand? Wasn't he a glorious hero?'

'I used to think so,' responded Philip, with a queer smile.

The boy did not notice his cousin's want of sympathy in his enthusiasm. His eyes kindled and his martial spirit roused as he recounted some of the warlike deeds of this wonderful man.

'I can feel that Napoleon really lived, and I never tire of reading about him.'

When Ralph paused, Philip asked, 'Have you told me all your troubles?'

'No,' answered Ralph, resuming his sad tone. 'Sunday before last our Sunday-school teacher suggested that each one of us should perform some kind act and report the next Sunday; not in a spirit of boastful-

ness, but merely to see what we could find to do for someone else.' Then he proposed to organize a Helping Hand Club.'

'Jerry Black worked at the grocery out of school hours all the week; and he earned two dollars to give Mrs. Ross. She wants to take her little girl to an oculist in the city to see if something can be done for her eyes. She's afraid she's going blind. Isn't it awful? Old Mrs. Welch sprained her wrist and Tommy Jones did the milking all week for her. Frank Webb is not well enough to come to school and John Burns helped him every evening with his lessons so that he can keep up with his class. Mr. Latham is away and Dick Brown is helping Mrs. Latham with the garden.

'The boys had all been keeping their promises, but when the teacher came to me and I had to acknowledge that I hadn't done anything, he didn't say a word; he just looked, and I wished I could go through the floor. I intended to cut wood for old Mr. Peters; he is crippled with the rheumatism. He's a cross old fellow and the boys don't like him; but I do. He tried to save my life when I was a baby. I fell in the pond, and he jumped in after me, but father plunged in first and got me out. Father and mother felt very grateful to him, and father gave him the little house he lives in. What makes me feel so badly is, when I came home from school to-day, I saw him sitting in a chair at the wood-pile trying to split wood. I stopped a minute and he told me how bad his rheumatism had been all last week. I wanted to help him, but father told me I must come right home from school and put the stable in order.'

'Well,' declared Philip, 'this is a formidable array of delinquencies. Maybe I can help you, if you would like my assistance.'

'You're very kind, Philip; but I don't believe you can. I think father made a mistake fishing me out of the water.'

After a few moments of silence Philip asked, 'What time do you go to bed?'

'Just after prayers—I mean I go to my room. What's that to do with my troubles?' asked Ralph, wonderingly.

'Do you go directly to bed?' queried Philip, ignoring Ralph's question.

'Not always,' admitted Ralph.

'So I thought,' said Philip, 'for I've often noticed a light in your room a long time after you have gone upstairs.'

'Sometimes I read,' replied Ralph. 'Just now, I have a borrowed book, a life of Napoleon, that I am interested in, I suppose I am up later than I realize.'

'I don't think you get sleep enough,' replied Philip. 'You're almost fifteen, aren't you?'

'Yes,' replied Ralph. 'I sleep as much as Billy, and he is nearly two years younger than I.'

'That's no sign you get sleep enough,' continued Philip. 'You're growing very fast, and I think you feel weak. Billy is a tough, wiry little fellow, and can work and study much harder than you can at present. You go to bed tired, and get up tired, now don't you.'

'Yes,' answered Ralph, 'that's so, and I feel tired all day. It's always late when I get up. My alarm clock doesn't rouse me up now I've got used to it. I hear it sometimes, and know I ought to get up, but I am sleepy, and don't. So it's hurry and worry all day, lately.'

'Will you be my patient and try my prescription?' asked Philip, smilingly.

'Why, yes, indeed,' replied Ralph.

'Then,' said Philip, 'go right to bed when you go to your room and I'll see that you're up in good time in the morning. I'll not prescribe further until you've had a good night's rest.'

Ralph looked longingly at the life of Napoleon, when he went to his room that evening, but kept his promise. He heard the alarm in the morning, and bounded out of bed feeling better and more vigorous than he had for a long time. Hastily donning his working suit he went to the stable, as it was his week to care for the pony. Then he returned to his room. He had plenty of time to dress for breakfast, and in doing so to shut the closet doors and bureau drawers, and return all articles that he had used to their proper places.

As he opened his book to look over his Latin lesson Philip rapped at the door, and when Ralph cheerily called, 'Come in!' Philip just put his head in to say, 'Good morning,' and left.

Mr. Burton looked pleased and surprised when he saw Ralph downstairs and waiting for his breakfast, which he enjoyed, having time to eat slowly, instead of hurrying as fast as possible. There was plenty of time to walk to school, and a few moments to look over his first recitation.

When he came home from school in the afternoon he found Philip waiting for him with a message from his father. There were errands to be done at the R. R. station, three miles away. So the pony had to be harnessed; a job which Ralph generally dreaded, but now everything was in order and it took but a few moments.

'I'm going with you,' said Philip, 'if you'd like my company. I've an errand down there, too.'

It was a nice spring afternoon and the road led down the shady hillside.

'Well, Ralph,' asked Philip, 'how did you get along to-day?'

'Better,' replied Ralph. 'The old fellows didn't give me as much trouble as usual. I had more time to study. I see I needed to get more sleep, but that isn't all the trouble. I'm afraid I'm a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow after all. Don't you really think so?' queried Ralph, in a discouraged tone.

'Oh, no,' answered Philip, 'not as bad as that. It isn't pleasant to tell another of their faults, but as long as I'm trying to help you I will say that you are naturally ease-loving and just now your physical condition makes it hard for you to conquer that fault. You lack strength of character.'

There was a long pause. Then Philip resumed: 'I could not make you realize, reared as you have been in this quiet little village, what a vast amount of sin and misery there is in the world. I did not realize it myself until the peparation for my life's work brought it under my observation.

'The mighty forces of the world, the flesh and the devil are arrayed against the army to which you belong. I mean the army in which your parents enrolled your name when they brought you to the altar and consecrated you to the service of Christ in baptism. You understand that sometimes the foe is within, and we must conquer this enemy first. This is a life-long battle. There is no discharge in that war. Our service ends only when we fall in the ranks.

'I can give you nothing but sympathy and encouragement. Strength must come from your great Captain, who will give it if you ask. Think of every call to duty, no matter how humble, every prompting to a kindly deed, every desire to become better, as a command from your Leader.'

The next morning, when the faithful little alarm sounded, Ralph felt that it was no longer a simple reminder that it was time to get up and could be disregarded; but it was the reveille, the order from the great Commander to rise and go on duty. This new thought gave dignity to the simple round of common tasks, and strengthened every wavering resolution.

When school closed in the afternoon, he resisted the importunities of his schoolmates to go around by the pond on the way home, and went instead to old Mr. Peter's house. And in response to his inquiries the poor old wife informed him that the old man's rheumatism was a 'heap wuss 'n common,' and she was going to split wood to get supper. Ralph took the axe from her feeble, withered, hands and worked with a will until she assured him there was enough wood to 'bile the kittle,' for three or four days.

When Cousin Philip came to bid Ralph a long and last good-bye his parting injunction was: 'Be loyal to your great Captain, Christ.'

Ralph fought many a hard battle against foes without and within, but increased strength came with every victory.

As the years passed on and his powers of body and mind reached their full maturity he felt that he could say with St. Paul, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,' and he continued to be Christ's faithful soldier.

A Little Bird Tells.

It's strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out that they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just for a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's,
Or clear as the ringing bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells.

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
The little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of the closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar;
You may be on the top of the house;
You may be in the dark and in silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! Wherever it happens,
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little birds tell.

—Great Thoughts.

The Grace Darling of America

'The Grace Darling of America' is the name given to Ida Lewis, the keeper of the Newport Rhode Island Lighthouse, for her courage and success in rescuing many lives from drowning.

Hearing she was accustomed to frequent visits from strangers, we determined to have a personal interview with this remarkable woman. Accordingly we hired a sail-boat one fine morning, and with a head-wind we were soon scudding across the bay in the direction of 'Lime Rock,' Ida Lewis's home. The old town of Newport looked very picturesque from this point of view, with its long line of wharves and shipping, and its green lawns sloping down to the water's edge, with here and there an elm tree in its golden autumn dress making a bright contrast to the blue clear sky.

Now the sail dipped to this side, now to that, under the skilful management of our

THE GRACE DARLING OF AMERICA.

gruff old captain, a man of few words, who only showed his contempt for one nervous lady of our party by growling that, "Even if we were going over, hollering would'nt help us."

Soon we were within a stone's throw of our destination, the plain little whitewashed house perched on a rock. But 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' and we were not long in discovering that our heavy vessel had got aground among the rocks in the shallow water. So we were reduced to calling upon Ida Lewis to extricate us from this ignominious position but though we shouted with all our might we could get no answer for a long time. The boatman, after giving a few gruff growls, resigned himself to fate. When we had shouted ourselves hoarse, one of us meekly requested the man to give a shrill whistle through his fingers, but he replied indifferently that he 'never could learn to whistle.' We asked with some consternation what he would do if he were drowning and really needed Ida Lewis's help. 'Well,' he answered coolly, 'I guess I'd drown.'

However, at length our cries were answered, and a slim figure appeared in the doorway of the white house. It was Ida Lewis, but as different as possible from our preconceived idea of her. We expected to see a stout masculine old woman, after the type of the famous Brighton bathing woman, who in her youth disguised herself as a grenadier to follow her lover's regiment. But instead of this we saw a graceful woman of about middle height, a black shawl thrown over her head forming a becoming frame to a pleasant face glowing with healthy color.

She descended quickly into her boat, and a few vigorous strokes brought her alongside. She gave us a hearty welcome, joining in the laugh at our misfortunes, and carried us off in her own boat to land, where she was enthusiastically greeted by a little black terrier. On the rocky ledge above the mooring she kept a fine boat, which was presented to her by the citizens of Newport, but she said she liked the old one best, in which she had made most of her rescues. A sprinkling of earth on the top of the rock was utilized for a miniature garden, where a few chrysanthemums and other bright autumn flowers were blooming in spite of the strong sea-breezes. She then ushered us into the little white house, which has been her home for the last thirty-five years, and where she now lives alone with her brother, a seafaring man. The door opened directly into the kitchen, which, except for its range and sink looked more like a sitting-room, with its picture-covered walls, easy chairs, and sewing machine.

On removing her head-dress she appeared considerably older than at first sight, though she is still remarkably young-looking for her age, which she frankly informed us was fifty. She seemed to be somewhat out of breath from her exertion in rowing, and this delicacy she attributed to an attack of pneumonia contracted from exposure in saving two men from drowning. It was a cold winter day, she said, and the harbor was frozen over, so that the men were constantly passing backwards and forwards between the mainland and the torpedo station on a neighboring island. All day long she had a presentiment that someone would need her help, and sure enough two bandsmen did break through the ice, and, being on the alert, she was ready with ropes to drag them out.

Ida Lewis impresses one as a true brave-hearted woman, with great frankness of speech, an indomitable will, and restless energy. She has no false modesty, and was quite ready to speak of her various rescues; her first was made when she was a young girl of about seventeen, and since then sixteen in all have been brought before the public, but many more are unrecorded. She exhibited her medals from various humane societies, and a handsome silver teapot presented to her as a token of gratitude by the fellow-soldiers of the two she rescued that winter day.

On our way upstairs to see the barbor light we passed through two little sitting-rooms all filled with pictures and bric-a-brac. Not a spot of dust was visible anywhere; the woodwork shone like the fittings of a private yacht, yet our hostess kept no servant, but, as she said, 'she loved housework,' and we could readily believe that she would throw as much energy into scrubbing a floor as rowing a boat. The harbor light consisted of a modest little lamp with metal reflectors, placed in an alcove at the head of the stairs.

Returning to the rooms below, Ida Lewis showed us the portraits of her father and mother, and of herself in her youth, when she must have been an exceedingly handsome and attractive girl. Beside the family portraits hung one of George Washington, the national hero, and also several illuminated acrostics, home-made works of art replacing the older sampler. On our way back to the boat we passed the summer kitchen, a small detached outhouse, as easily furnished as the winter kitchen, with the addition of a comfortable basket for the old black cat.

We were quite sorry to say good-bye to this pleasant home and its active mistress but the time was passing, and her brother was waiting on the opposite landing to be rowed home to his midday meal. So we were taken back to our heavier craft, and, with her little terrier yelping beside her, Ida Lewis pulled off to shore with a hearty 'Good-bye, and God bless you.'—The 'Young Woman.'

Jamie's Request.

(By Emma Huntington Nason, in 'Forward.')

Jamie Lawrence sat with his elbows on the bare pine table, his chin buried in his hands and his eyes fixed upon the pages of an old arithmetic, which was open at 'cube root.' By the side of the book lay a slate, on which was a diagram very neatly drawn, and row after row of figures, which ended, however, in ignominious erasure.

Suddenly the boy pushed away the book with an impatient, despairing movement.

'Mother,' he exclaimed, 'don't you remember anything about cube root?'

'No, Jamie,' said the pleasant-faced woman, who paused in her household tasks to bestow a look of sympathy on the boy.

'But you used to be a school-teacher,' persisted Jamie.

A pathetic smile appeared for a moment in the mother's face.

'It was a very little school that I taught away up here in this thinly-settled country. The children studied only addition and subtraction and multiplication and division. I never got to cube root myself I always wanted to, though.'

Mrs. Lawrence sighed as she thought of the unrealized aspirations of her girlhood. She had been a bright, studious child during the few short years that she attended school in her native village; she had begun life with an ambition to educate herself and

become a school-teacher. For two or three years she did teach a little school in the remote district where she now lived; but her early marriage ended her ambitious career. Her life upon the barren hillside farm had been a struggle for mere physical existence, with no time to indulge her cravings for mental food or culture.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Lawrence had secret ambitions for her son, and a strong desire that he should have the opportunity which she and her husband had so sorely missed. Therefore, when at the age of twelve years, Jamie announced that he was going to have an education, was going to college, and be somebody, the mother's heart leaped with joy, although she saw no probability of any such thing ever happening.

Her smile of encouragement, however, was enough for Jamie. In his boyish hope all things seemed possible; and like many a youthful knight-errant, he set out boldly to conquer the world.

All that summer he attended the little school on the country road, two miles from his home, which was taught by a young girl of fifteen, who, like Jamie's mother, had never 'got as far as cube root' herself.

But Jamie, undaunted, plunged boldly on by himself during the year which followed. He had grappled with square root and left its problems with a certain sense of mastery; but cube root had proved too much for him. He had worked over it for days, and was now experiencing his first despairing consciousness of defeat.

'I can make nothing of it!' he exclaimed, pushing the book from him and springing up from his chair.

'Never mind, this morning, Jamie,' said his mother; 'you have studied too long already. By-and-by it will all come out clear to you. You'd better go up to the camp now and carry the butter and eggs.'

'All right, mother,' replied Jamie, with alacrity. He always enjoyed his trip to the rude log building, which stood further up the hill upon his father's land, and which was at this time occupied by two young men who were spending their summer months at Forest Lodge with friends; but they had come for a fortnight to Eagle Crest for a taste of genuine camp life.

Mrs. Lawrence, too, was well pleased to have Jamie at the camp, for Paul Reynolds and Richard Bradley, while reveling in all the freedom of out-of-door life had brought with them from the outside world an atmosphere of that culture which the mother craved for her son; and she felt that Jamie would gain something even from a brief contact with these two manly youths.

She, therefore, had consented very willingly to supply the 'campers' with milk, butter, eggs, Indian cake, doughnuts, and other primitive luxuries which they required daily.

Jamie was errand boy and guide to the mountain trout brooks. He also went with them on their long fishing experience to the neighboring lakes which lay inclosed among the lofty hills. On these occasions, however Jamie's father officiated as guide.

On this particular morning Mr. Lawrence had gone with Richard Bradley for a day's fishing at Bugle Cove, while Paul Reynolds remained at the camp, declaring that he had letters to write, and that he was really too lazy to lift an oar that day.

As soon, however, as Richard had departed, Paul threw himself into the hammock and made a vain attempt to read. But his head ached. He grew hot and cold by turns; a feeling of unutterable lassitude crept over him.

'Dear me!' he exclaimed; I must get out of this. I'll go and wind the horn for Jamie.'

Paul attempted to rise, but threw himself back wearily into the hammock. He longed for a drink from the cool mountain spring, only a few rods away, and was vaguely wondering whether he had strength to reach it when the welcome Jamie emerged from the wooded pathway.

'My kingdom for a drink!' exclaimed Paul, 'and get it quick, too, that's a buttercup!'

The last word was uttered indistinctly, and Jamie seized the water-pail and ran to the spring. When he returned, Paul was lying with closed eyes and muttering something of which the boy could make no sense whatever.'

'Don't you move,' said Jamie, authoritatively. 'I'm going for mother!' and as fast as his lithe limbs could carry him, he sped down the hillside.

'Oh, Mother! Mother!' he cried, rushing into the kitchen, 'come quick; bring all your medicine bottles. Paul Reynolds is awful sick! He's all alone, and doesn't know what he is talking about.'

Mrs. Lawrence followed her son as rapidly as possible to the camp. She found Paul still lying in the hammock and at once perceived that he was feverish and ill. She bathed his face and hands and administered the simple remedies she had brought with her, but she soon realized that Paul needed the immediate help of a physician.

'What shall we do?' she exclaimed, 'your father is gone—the horse is gone—and it is ten miles to Dr. Johnson's! And we ought to send word at once to Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds.'

'Oh, yes, Mother, that's just the thing to do,' replied Jamie; 'and there is a doctor down at Forest Lodge, too. Richard Bradley's father is a doctor. I'll take the boat and row right down to the outlet and bring them all back in no time.'

'You, Jamie? Why, it's six miles down to the outlet, and a head wind, too. It would take you all day to get there.'

'But I've got to go, Mother. Don't you see, there is no other way? It won't take me so very long.'

The helpless woman gazed into the earnest, manly face of her son, and realized that he had spoken the truth.

'Yes, Jamie,' she said, 'you are right. There is no other way; but it will be a long, hard pull for you.'

'Don't worry,' replied the boy, 'I'll get there all right, and be back with the doctor before you know it'; and, without waiting for his mother's parting injunctions, Jamie was off, down the steep hillside path, eager to reach the lake and set out upon his mission.

It was the middle of the afternoon before Mrs. Lawrence could hope for Jamie's return. By this time Paul had sunk into an uneasy slumber, broken only by meaningless exclamations about 'scrimmages,' and 'rushes,' and 'touchdowns,' or snatches of faintly murmured college songs.

Mrs. Lawrence frequently went to the door, which commanded a partial view of the lake, and when she could no longer bear the suspense, she ran hurriedly up to the summit of the rocky cliff, that rose boldly above the grove in which the camp was located. She looked far away towards the outlet of the lake, but not the tiniest speck which imagination could magnify into a boat, was to be discerned in the distance. Disappointed and anxious, she was about to turn back to the camp, when, at the base of the cliff her keen sight detected the rippling wake of a boat in the smoother waters of the cove. Venturing dangerously near the edge of the precipitous cliff, she bent over until she could see the shore below. There she saw the two familiar boats from the outlet, speedily making for the landing, and Mrs. Lawrence knew that help had come.

It was fully three miles from the shore to the camp. Some time, therefore, necessarily elapsed before Jamie, accompanied by Paul's father and mother, and Dr. Bradley —who had employed two stalwart guides to row them up the lake — could reach the camp.

On their arrival Mrs. Lawrence's worst fears were realized. Dr. Bradley declared Paul to be 'a very sick boy,' and also that the delay of another night would have proved very serious.

Poor Poul, who, only the day before had seemed strong and vigorous, was placed in a large, gray, woollen blanket and carried by his friends to the Lawrence cottage. There everything which was possible was done for his comfort, during the severe illness that followed; and no wounded knight ever had a more devoted squire than Jamie Lawrence proved himself.

Some weeks later, when Paul's recovery was assured, he again lay in the hammock, bolstered up with the fragrant pine and fir pillows, while his happy father and mother sat beside him on the rude verandah of the cottage.

'My son,' said Mr. Reynolds, 'we owe a very heavy debt to these good people, who have taken care of you during this unexpected escapade of yours.'

'I know it, Father,' responded Paul.

'Money can only partially repay it,' continued his father. 'Isn't there something that you can do yourself for Jamie?'

Paul groaned aloud, with an expression of utter dismay upon his countenance. 'I asked him this morning what he wanted most of anything in the world.'

'Well, what is it?'

'He wants,' muttered Paul, burying his face in his hands—'he wants—me—to show him—how to extract — cube root!'

Paul's father laid his head against the back of the rustic rocking-chair, in which he sat, and laughed aloud.

'Are you going to do it?' he asked.

'Father,' said Paul, in tragic tones, 'I couldn't do a problem in cube root to save my life! Now, if you have any pity left for me, get me an arithmetic, and I'll study all the rest of my vacation. Perhaps I can dig it out somehow! Do you suppose that I shall have brain fever, after all? Anyway, I have promised Jamie that I will show him all about cube root before I leave the camp. Perhaps you haven't suspected it, but that boy has great ambitions! He wants to study, and go to college, and be very wise and learned—like me!'

Once more Paul groaned, and again his father laughed.

'I wish,' said Paul, 'that the boy could have the chance that so many of us fellows throw away.'

'My son,' said Mr. Reynolds, seriously, 'in my opinion, this boy has saved your life. It is for you to see that he has this chance.'

'I'll do it, Father,' solemnly promised Paul.

Growing.

A little rain and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about—
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart, and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place—
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?
—'The Evangelist.'

A Safe Cure.

(By the Rev. Geo. Critchley, B.A., in 'Child's Own Magazine.')

There was once a boy named Athlios, who lived in the country of Dusareskeia, between the mountains and the sea.

It was a very desolate, barren sort of country; for the winds from the ocean were fierce and keen, and the rocks were stern and bare, and often in the long dark nights the storms came sweeping down the valleys as if they were going to tear up every tree and house that stood in their way.

'A TALL GRAY-LOOKING MAN WAS STANDING BEFORE HIM.'

There were some flowers, but they were very pale; the roses were not rich and red like ours in June. There was grass in the fields, but the people said it was very poor, so that the cattle did not grow large and strong, and the food seemed to be very rough and scant.

The houses, too, were wretched; they had good thick walls, and good strong roofs, but they were ugly, and when you got inside, though there were tables, and chairs, and sofas, and all the rest of it, the things looked as though they came out of an old second-hand furniture ware house, or some place of that sort. While, as for the people's tempers, well! crab-apples boiled in vinegar would give a very fair idea of what they were like.

And so, as you may very well imagine, Athlios was a very unhappy boy indeed.

One day, as he was going home from school, after anything but a pleasant time with his master that afternoon, he was saying to himself, 'What a wretched place this is to live in, to be sure! I wish I were on the other side of those hills, for they tell me that there they have bright sunshine, and splendid trees, beautiful houses, and pleasant flowers; while here, everything is so poor and wretched and nothing ever happens to make one feel cheerful; only just the same tiresome things to do, and ugly old things to look at all the time.'

And so he went along, grumbling to himself, until he came to a bank by the roadside, where he sat down in a very gloomy state of mind, and leaned back against an old tree that was growing there.

'What was that you were saying, my lad?' suddenly said a voice —'what was that you were saying? I heard part of it, but do not quite understand.'

The boy gave a jump, for he had not heard anybody come along, and, looking up, he saw a tall grave-looking man standing before him, with a rather quizzical smile upon his face.

'Oh, sir, I—I——' stammered the boy.

'Yes,' said the stranger, 'what were you saying as you came along just now?'

Then the boy told him what was the matter, and pointed to the poor bare fields and the ugly houses. He described the hard, dull life which he and the other people had to live, and declared that there was nothing bright or beautiful in it all.

But the man said, 'Well, now, dear me! I hadn't noticed it. The place looks beautiful enough to me. Here, my boy, just let me look at your eyes.'

So he looked at them, moved the lids about, lifted up one corner with a little instrument, and so on. And when he had done this, he said, 'Ah, yes, I thought so; I see what is the matter, but we will soon put that to rights.'

He made some 'passes' before the boy's face, so that presently his eyes closed, as if he had gone to sleep. Then the stranger took out a little silver box, with some ointment in it, and very carefully put some of this ointment on the boy's eyelids, and sat down on the bank to wait.

Presently the boy woke up, and looked all round, and said, 'Oh, where are we? What a lovely place! Look at the purple on the mountains! See the gold light on

the waters, and the beautiful colors of the flowers! Where are we?'

The stranger smiled, and took his hand, and led him along the road. But the boy kept talking. 'See what snug, comfortable houses; and there is a pretty little girl coming along the road! Where are we?'

And the man said, 'Just in the same place, my lad; the difference is in your eyes; there was something the matter with them, and the ointment has put them right. And now I will tell you what I will do. I will give you the prescription, so that when the place begins to look ugly, you can get it made up, and cure yourself.'

So the man took out a piece of paper, folded up, and said, 'There, take that, but do not read it till you get home.' Then he bade him good-bye and went away.

Athlios went home, very curious to see what the prescription was, and as soon as he got inside the door he pulled out the prescription, and then read this:—

Take 10 grains of good temper
" 15 " patience
" 7 " unselfishness
" 13 " cheerfulness

Mix with the oil of love, and apply outwardly, with the brush of gentleness, whenever the sight grows dull and dim.

Athlios did as directed, and they say the effect was something wonderful. Other people heard of it, and tried it too, and quite a large number of them were cured.

For, you see, the place was not so very bad after all, but they were suffering from a disease of the eyes called Discontent; and when that was gone, they began to see things in their true light and right colors, and to thank God that He had put them in such a beautiful country, and given them so many things richly to enjoy.

I dare say you know who the stranger that met Athlios was. One whom we all want to meet, that we too 'may receive our sight.'

Six Keeps.

Keep my little voice to-day;
Keep it gentle while I play;
Keep my hands from doing wrong,
Keep my feet the whole day long;
Keep me all, O Jesus, mild;
Keep me ever thy dear child.

—'Christian Observer.'

Charlie's Indecision.

(By Frank H. Sweet.)

Charlie was in a state of uncertainty. He wanted a new ball, and he had no money except what was in his mite-box. He was now trying to decide whether to borrow or to wait, and he shoved his hands deep down into his pockets and looked very intently at the box. Of course he could not wait; that was out of the question, so all there was to do was to bring himself into a state of mind to borrow. It would only be five cents, and he could pay it back the next week when he got his regular monthly allowance of ten cents, and of course the box was really his until he gave it into the Sunday-school. But still his hands remained in his pockets, and still the wrinkles of uncertainty remained on his forehead.

At last he turned abruptly and went outside. He could think better when lying at full length under the apple-trees. But he soon found that even his favorite position failed to bring what he wanted. Birds sang merrily above his head, and insects chirped and hummed and buzzed around him. Bees were industriously gathering honey from clover blossoms a few feet away, and he idly watched them as they flew back and forth between the blossoms and their hives. Then his gaze wandered down the slope to a small heap of stones beside a path, and he flushed impatiently. His father had told him several weeks before to carry them away, and had promised him five cents for doing the job. Oh, well, he would do it before long; it would only take a short time, anyhow.

A little girl came up the path and passed near him inquiringly. She was poorly dressed, but had a bright, intelligent face. He recognized her as the daughter of the woman who did their washing.

'Is your papa at home, Charlie?' she asked.

Charlie sprang to his feet.

'No, he's gone down to the store with a crate of strawberries,' he answered politely. 'Can I do anything for you?'

'Here's twenty cents for the setting of eggs mamma bought,' she said. 'You might let your papa have it.'

Charlie took the money.

'I heard papa say he could spare your mother that other setting she wanted. Shall I get them?'

'N-no, not just now. Mamma says she may want them next week. She hasn't got the change right now.'

'Oh, that don't matter,' Charlie hastened to answer her; 'she can pay any time she gets ready.'

But the little girl drew back.

'Mamma never gets trusted,' she said quickly. 'She thinks people ought not to borrow or get in debt unless they are really obliged to.'

Charlie flushed a little self-consciously. But as the flush left his face, the indecision left it also. After the little girl's departure, he went sturdily to work to clear away the stone heap; then he weeded the onions and hoed around his lettuce plants. When he could think of nothing else that he had neglected, he went into the house.

'Here are twenty cents that Nelly Jones brought for the eggs, mamma,' he said, as he placed the money on the table beside her.

'Very well, I will tell papa.' Then she looked at him approvingly. 'I see you have been clearing away the stones, Charlie. Did not papa promise you five cents for the job?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'Well, here it is; I think you have earned it;' and then she wondered at the odd expression that came into his face, and at the promptness with which he bounded down the steps and along the path that led toward the store.—'Child's Paper.'

A Danger Signal.

Look out for the cracks in the sidewalk,
Be careful wherever you go.
A little brown bird
Has told me she heard
The children call 'Poison!' It may be absurd,
But the girls and the boys ought to know.
And if, as they say, it is really quite nice
In a dangerous walk to be poisoned but twice,
I wonder I'm living and making up rhymes,
For I've stepped upon cracks a great many times.

—Anna M. Pratt in 'Youth's Companion.'

LESSON IV.—OCT. 22.

Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem.

Ezra viii., 21-32. Memory verses 21-23. Read chapters vii., and viii.

Golden Text.

'The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him.'—Ezra, viii., 22.

Home Readings.

M. Ezra vii., 6-20.—The Kng's Decree.
T. Ezra vii., 21-28.—The King's Gifts.
W. Ezra viii., 21-32.—Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem.
Th. Ezra ix., 1-9.—Ezra's Prayer.
F. Ezra ix., 10-15.—The Prayer Continued.
S. Psa. lxvi. — God our Refuge.
Su. II. Cor. vi., 11-16.—Be Separate.

Lesson Text.

Supt. — 21. Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river of A-ha'va, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance.

School.—22. For I was ashamed to require of the King a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy, in the way; because we had spoken unto the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him; but his power and his wrath is against all them that forsake him.

23. So we fasted, and besought our God for this; and he was intreated of us.

24. Then I separated twelve of the chief of the priests, Sher-e-bi'ah, Hash-a-bi'ah, and ten of their brethren with them.

25. And weighed unto them the silver, and the gold, and the vessels, even the offering of the house of our God, which the king, and his counsellors, and his lords, and all Is-ra-el there present, had offered:

26. I even weighed unto their hand six hundred and fifty talents of silver, and silver vessels an hundred talents, and of gold an hundred talents;

27. Also twenty basons of gold, of a thousand drams; and two vessels of fine copper, precious as gold.

28. And I said unto them, ye are holy unto the Lord; the vessels are holy also; and the silver and the gold are a free-will offering, unto the Lord God of your fathers.

29. Watch ye, and keep them, until ye weigh them before the chief of the priests and the Le'vites, and chief of the fathers of Is'ra-el, at Je-ru'sa-lem, in the chambers of the house of the Lord.

30. So took the priests and the Le'vites the weight of the silver, and the gold, and the vessels, to bring them to Je-ru'sa-lem unto the house of our God.

31. Then we departed from the river A-ha'va on th twelfth day of the first month, to go unto Je-ru'sa-lem; and the hand of our God was upon us, and he delivered us from the hand of the enemy, and of such as lay in wait by the way.

32. And we came to Je-ru'sa-lem, and abode there three days.

The Bible Class.

God is our Guide.—Psa. xlviii., 14; xxv., 9; xxxii., 8; lxxiii., 24; lxxviii., 52; John x., 4; xvi., 13; Psa. xxxi., 3; Rev. vii., 17; Isa. xlix., 10; lviii., 11; Ex. xv., 13; Rom. viii., 14.

Suggestions.

Some weeks ago we studied the first part of the book of Ezra, learning of the return of about fifty thousand of the exiled Jews to Jerusalem for the purpose of rebuilding that city, and the temple of Jehovah.

It was in the year B.C. 458, seventy-eight years after the first return, and fifteen years after the deliverance of the Jews in the Persian Empire through Esther, that Ezra, set out for Jerusalem.

Ezra, a learned scribe, and Levite, a Jew born in captivity, was about forty years of age when Artaxerxes, the King of Persia, that that time, gave to him a letter decreeing that Ezra and as many Jews as wished to follow, should go up to Jerusalem. Not only were they given leave to return to their own land, but large offerings of gold and silver towards the service of the temple were given them to carry with them. The king also decreed that the priests and all those who in any way served God in the temple, should be exempted from taxes, also that Ezra should set over the Israelites judges well instructed in the law of God. Ezra's mission was chiefly to proclaim and instruct the people in the law, for those who had returned to Jerusalem seventy years before this had grown very lax in their observance of God's law, and were much in need of a revival of the study of the scriptures, just as the Christians of to-day are in need of such a revival.

On the first day of the first month (April), they set out from Babylon, and exactly four months later arrived in Jerusalem. Before they actually started on their pilgrimage, those who had volunteered to go, about seventeen hundred persons, gathered at the river Ahava to beseech God with humility and faith, to guide and protect them on their journey. It was a long distance which they had to travel, probably five or six hundred miles on foot, and the way was fraught with dangers. Ezra felt that asking the king for an armed escort, would be an acknowledgment that they did not really trust the Lord Jehovah to protect them. And the king would then have very little respect for the God whom his own worshippers could not trust—the world judges our God by the measure of our faith in him, those who distrust God dishonor him in the eyes of the world.

So Ezra and the people prayed and fasted before God. Deep feeling of any kind is apt to take away one's appetite, so that fasting implies a deep sorrow for sin and humble repentance before God. Fasting in itself is not a means of grace, only as it accompanies true repentance and turning from sin is it acceptable to God. We must confess our sins to God alone and receive his forgiveness through Jesus Christ before we can expect from him further blessings. 'If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me.'

Ezra and the people prayed until they received an answer. 'He was entreated of us'—they knew that God had heard their prayer, and received the assurance from him that he would indeed guide and protect and bring them safely to their journey's end. When we are planning a trip or travel of any kind we should be sure to ask our Father to protect and be with us. When we are praying we should be very careful not to be just saying words, we should realize that our Father is longing to hear his children, and to speak to them in return. The reason so many prayers are not answered is because they are just 'said'—talking about God is not the same as talking to him. If we really want God to answer our prayers, we must be in earnest about it, we must be honest with him and with ourselves, we must be willing to wait for the assurance of his willingness to answer.

As soon as the people received from God the assurance of his presence and protection they were ready to start out. Their Ezra appointed some of the chief priests as treasurers and gave into their charge the gold and silver presented by the King for the work at Jerusalem. This relieved Ezra of all responsibility as to the money, and of all liability of accusations concerning it. The Apostle Paul also adopted this wise plan of appointing a trusty treasurer for the handling of other people's money, (II. Cor. viii., 18-21). The whole treasure was worth about four or five million dollars.

The Lord God brought his people safely to Jerusalem, where they offered great burnt offerings unto Jehovah. Ezra's work was to teach the people the scriptures, and to enforce the law as far as possible. God used him mightily for the purifying and building up of his people.

Primary Lesson.

'The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him; but his power and his wrath is against all them that forsake him.' This is what Ezra, the learned scribe, or writer, had told to the king of Persia, Artaxerxes.

The king was convinced by Ezra's testimony that his God was indeed great and powerful. So he allowed all the Jews who wished to go home, to go with Ezra and worship God in the holy city of Jerusalem.

Ezra was constantly testifying of God's goodness and greatness. When he wanted special help of any kind he asked God for it, and when it came he did not say that it 'happened to come.' He acknowledged God's hand in all the affairs of life. When we are kept from illness and sorrow and when things go well with us, it is not just a chance, it is God's kindness to us, and we should thank him for it. Nor does it chance that we are sometimes sick or sad, for God in his goodness allows these things also to come to us, so as to draw us nearer to himself. We could never know the mercy of God if we did not need it. We could never feel his boundless compassion and love, did we not first feel our awful need of it. So we must learn from Ezra to thank God for all the blessings he sends us. And to tell others of his goodness to us.

C. E. Topic.

Oct. 22. An old-time missionary. Jonah iii., 1-10. (A missionary meeting.)

Junior C. E.

Oct. 22.—A righteous nation; how can we help to make ours such? Isa. xxvi., 1-7. (A patriotic meeting. - Home missions.)

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XX.—OPINIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

1. Q.—What does Prof. Mead, of Oberlin College, say of effects on character?

A.—'The tobacco habit tends to deaden the sense of honor as well as decency, and none are more likely to practice deception than those who use tobacco.'

2. Q.—What does a New York judge say of the filthy habit of smoking?

A.—'Cigar smoke puffed in a man's face by another is assault and battery.'

3. Q.—What does Neal Dow remark upon the same practice?

A.—'The forcibly taking away one's pure air by tobacco smoke, is as much stealing in the moral sense, as picking one's pocket.'

4. Q.—What did Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the great anti-slave champion, say of the users of tobacco?

A.—He said: 'I have known some tobacco users who were not knaves, but I never knew a knave who did not use tobacco.'

5. Q.—What does the new Edinburgh Encyclopedia say?

A.—'The peculiar effect produced by using tobacco bears some resemblance to intoxication, and is excited by an essential oil, which, in its pure state, is so powerful as to destroy life, even in a small quantity.'

6. Q.—What said Henry Ward Beecher?

A.—The following is taken from the last article ever written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death:

'I rejoice to say that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco.

'It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning to end.

'I believe that the day will come when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind.

'I believe that the day will come when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God, will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men.'

7. Q.—What does Dio Lewis say?

A.—Within fifty years no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has graduated at the head of his class in Harvard College, though five out of every six have used it.

8. Q.—What does Dr. Willard Parker say of those who use tobacco?

A.—That they are more apt to die in epidemics, and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis than those who do not use tobacco.

9. Q.—What does Dr. Brodis say?

A.—This is a sin which afflicts the third and fourth generation.

10. Q.—Give us an example of these hereditary effects.

A.—A doctor found among the patients of an infirmary a young man suffering from the effects of tobacco. Upon inquiry he found that the father of the young man had smoked for twenty-five years.

Read Exodus, 34th chapter, last of 7th verse.

11. Q.—What did Charles Dickens call our national capital, Washington?

A.—'The headquarters of tobacco-tinctured saliva.'

12. Q.—What two pointed questions does an eminent physician ask?

A.—'What should we think of a person who spit in the water we drink?'

'What is the difference between such a person and one who spits a quantity of tobacco smoke into the air we breathe?'

13. Q.—What does John G. Whittier say in a letter on the point of using tobacco?

A.—'The vile practice is increasing, the blessed air of heaven is foul with it. It is a shameful and filthy habit, indecent, and unmanly.'

14. Q.—Is this lothsome habit of using tobacco as disgusting inside as it is outside a man?

A.—Says Dr. Alcott, 'If the interior of the tobacco user could be fairly exposed to public gaze, I am not sure but it would do more to prevent the rising generation from falling into this habit than all our lectures, essays, and homilies.'

15. Q.—Does a great responsibility rest on railway directors?

A.—Yes, because they encourage the tobacco habit by running special cars for the benefit of smokers, and providing everything that comfort and luxury requires for this class of travellers.

16. Q.—What does Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central railway say of his use of tobacco?

A.—'I was a confirmed smoker, smoking twenty cigars a day, up to about a dozen years ago, when I gave up the habit.'

17. Q.—What does he say of his experience?

A.—"Twelve years ago I found myself suffering from indigestion, with wakeful fits at night, and nervousness and inability to submit to much mental strain.'

'I found that the use of tobacco was affecting my physical system, and I stopped it entirely, and have not commenced again and probably never shall.'

18. Q.—What does J. P. Landis say of the tobacco habit?

A.—1st. That the tobacco habit is one of the evil habits of modern times.

2nd. The great leaders of thought lift their voices in solemn and vigorous warning in protest against it.

3rd. Of its disgusting filthiness he that hath eyes to see, and he that has nostrils cannot but perceive.

4th. That in its moral and religious aspects it is not only indefensible but actually sinful; is the conviction of no small proportion of the learned thinkers and clergy of the day.

5th. That it is contrary to the spirit of bible teachings is not difficult to show.

Balancing Accounts.

A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow, was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

'You seem to be much interested in your writing,' I said.

'Yes; I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol, to see how we stand.'

'And he comes out ahead, I suppose?'

'Every time; and he has lied like sixty.'

'How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?'

'That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me; but he made a beast. Then he said he would brace me up; but he made me go staggering around and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and be the laughing-stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me "sick as a dog."'

'Of course.'

'He said he would warm me up; and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength; and he made me helpless.'

'To be sure.'

'He promised me courage.'

'Then what followed?'

'Then he made me a coward; for I beat my sick wife, and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits; but instead he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me; but he made me a tramp.'—Canadian Baptist.

Correspondence

Brookvale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, 12 years old. This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm about one-and-a-half miles from the schoolhouse. I have three sisters and four brothers; my oldest brother and I belong to the Band of Hope. LIBBIE J. D.

South Branch, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has been taking the 'Messenger' for a number of years. I like it very much, and find great amusement in reading the Correspondence and 'Little Folks' page. I have one sister and two brothers, and my cousin lives with us; his papa and mamma are dead. My oldest brother is in Boston; he has not been home for two years. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I am in the fourth book.

NELLIE (aged 9.)

Pembroke, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandmother sent me the 'Messenger' as a little present. I like reading the stories very much, especially the 'Little Folks.' I am eleven years old; will be twelve on October 29. I intend to go to Westmeath until school opens. I expect to try the entrance next year.

WINNIFRED H.

Ouvry, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am in the Senior Fourth Book; we all like the teacher; her name is Miss M. Allsworth, from Kingsville. I will now tell you how many pets I have; first, I have a pet lamb, her name is Mina; her mother would not take her, so I brought her up by hand. But she is not very tame now, because she runs with the other sheep, and they are very wild. I have also two cats, one named Snowball, and the other Valentine, besides seven kittens. We have four cows, thirty pigs, and chickens, calves, and a peacock. I am staying with a friend, and am having a good time. I have three sisters, aged nineteen, fourteen and nine. I live near the post-office, and about forty rods from the school-house.

BERTHA F. C. (aged 13.)

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and I am in the third book. I have one sister and one brother. My sister's name is Maggie, and my brother's name is James. I have seen lots of letters from other places, but have only seen one from Vancouver. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school, and delight in reading the Correspondence. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I hope to see it in print. I like to read your paper very much, and wish every success to it. B. H. (aged 14.)

Carronville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber for the 'Northern Messenger,' and think it a very nice paper. My cousin is here visiting, so we thought we would each write a letter, as we had never written before. I have three brothers and two sisters. I have seen quite a number of letters and names from this part of the country. I live on a farm, and like it well. Grandma lives with us, and about a week ago her seven daughters all met here, and had a very happy re-union, after a separation of twenty years. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school and church. I also go to the Mission Band, of which I am a member; we meet at the home of our President once a month on Saturday afternoons.

M. N.

Cold Springs, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I am one of the many readers of the 'Messenger.' I get it every Saturday. I enjoy reading those interesting and beneficial stories that are to be met with in your great paper. The 'Witness' and 'Messonger' are welcome guests in our home. I live on a farm about ninety miles from Winnipeg, the great city of the North-West, and seven miles from Lake Manitoba. We have six cows and two horses. We had some sheep, but as the wolves were destroying them, we decided to part with them. I go to school, and I am in Standard VI. We live about a mile from the school. I got a prize for attendance this term. I did not miss one day, and I was only late once. My prize was a book. I soon read it through, for I am a great reader. I hope Harold E. F., of Glenora, Ont., will write again, for his letters are very interesting.

WILFRID T. F.

Castleford.

Dear Editor,—I have seen a great many letters in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would write one. I take the 'Messenger,' and I think it is a very nice paper. I do not go to school. I have too much work to do. I run the mail two miles once a day. I go on horseback. This is all.

LORNE H.

Bendale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would like to send a letter to the 'Messenger,' as I have not seen any from Bendale. I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss Glendenning. We like her very much. Our school has started again. Our teacher's name is Mr. Palk. I am in the Junior Fourth. Our minister's name is Mr. Macdonald. We live next door to him; he has two boys about my age, Leslie and Dine. There are seven in our family. My youngest sister and I rented a wheel in the holidays for two weeks. JOHN B. (aged 14.)

Milton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Seeing no letters from Milton, I thought I would write one. Milton is a moderately sized town. We have four churches here, three factories and three hotels, which most of us would rather not have. I am in the Fifth Reader. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school here. I had the 'Messenger' given to me for a present, and I like it very much. I never see any letters signed by my name 'Violet.' I would like to see a letter by another Violet. My cousins in Toronto take this paper, and like it very much. VIOLET M. (aged 14.)

Dear Editor,—I go to Greenfield school. I can ride a bike. I have no pets. I have one litle sister. I live near a river. It is a small river. In summer I go bathing. Ayr is a small town. There is one school, three churches, and one fire hall. Good-bye, JACK H. H., aged eight.

Ayer's Flat.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen only two letters from this place besides mine, I thought that I would write another letter. I have read quite a number of books, 'In His Steps,' 'Barriers Burned away,' 'His Sombre Rivals,' best of all, I like Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' I have an older sister, married in Boston. I went down to see her last fall. I had a lovely time. Has anybody got the same birthday that I have, July 7th? UNA.

Dear Editor,—I always get my mamma to read the letters in the 'Messenger' for me. I thought I would like to write a letter; but I am too small so I got my auntie to write it for me.

I live at Cedar Creek Farm. We had a corn cutting at our place yesterday, and had such a lot of men. I have one little sister. We have a lot of little pigs and calves, and a dog named Carlo. We have to drive two miles to church and Sunday-school. Sometimes I stay at grandma's, and don't come home till night. I like when Sunday comes so I can go to Sunday-school. I like my teacher so much.

WILMA, aged five.

Falkland Ridge, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I have two brothers and two sisters. I live on a farm, and we keep pigs, and cows. We have one horse and three cows, and two pigs. We had a pet lamb, but it got so cross we had to sell it.

I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Hunt. We like her very much. I am in Grade IX. My papa is away in the United States, he has been gone a year. GEORGE M., aged twelve.

Sept. 15.

HOUSEHOLD.

Heating the House.

For ordinary houses there are three available modes of warming: stoves, furnaces, and steam or hot-water apparatus. Open fires are delightful and wholesome, but they can only be used to supplement one of the other appliances, if people do not want to freeze in zero weather. Stoves are cheap, convenient and popular. The many forms of base-burners, with their nickel and tile ornaments and their cheerful mica windows, showing the glowing coals, are well suited for sitting-rooms, halls or bedchambers, but they will hardly serve for warming a large house. Besides, they consume too much fuel and labor, while they have no adequate means of ventilation, and hence, are not strictly sanitary appliances. Hence it is easier and more economical, and also more hygienic, to have one big stove in the cellar, called a furnace, which never need go out, from October to May, which requires little care, and uses but little fuel, and which, being connected with out of doors by a wooden, or, preferably, a galvanized iron conduit, brings a copious supply of fresh air into a hot chamber above the fire-pot, where it is sufficiently warmed, and which then rises through tin flues into the different living-rooms.

A furnace is the result of a natural process of evolution, yet few persons seem to understand its construction. A furnace should be of ample size and well made, so that it need not be driven too hard, in the coldest weather, with constant risk of leaky joints, racking the fire-pot and heating it so unduly, that the fresh air coming in contact with the red-hot metal, acquires a burned quality which is both unpleasant and unwholesome. Formerly, when most furnaces were cheap and inferior, one heard constant complaints about coal gas, dry air, etc. But now, that they are better built and better adapted for their purpose, they give greater satisfaction.

To do good service a furnace should be kept free from ashes, and carefully regulated. The water-pan should be kept well filled so as to moisten the air after it is heated. Above all, the cold-air box should be tight, and take the fresh air from some place where it cannot be contaminated. It will not do to let it end under a verandah, covered with decaying leaves and other litter, or where rats, cats, or other vermin harbor. Nor, as is so common, should it end near where food or refuse is kept. The best plan by far is to raise the end of the cold-air box four or five feet, with an upward bend, and opening at the side, protected by wire netting, so as to secure a purer quality of air than is found at the surface of the ground. The same engineer also goes on to say:

'I could relate scores of instances within my personal experience where serious sickness has resulted from neglect in these vital particulars. The end of the cold air box will be heaped up with manure in covering garden plants, or it will be closed entirely by windows or slides; or, again, it will have open joints, which permit sewer-gas from dried-out traps or leaky drains to be sucked into the furnace, and thus be diffused throughout the house. In city dwellings it is common to find the cold-air current carried through an under-ground duct, so carelessly built that it admits damp, or it may be half-full of water, which, in one case, actually froze, In one particular case a whole family suffered continually from tonsilitis, and I found that their entire air supply was taken from the ground-level of a back kitchen yard covered with soggy cinders, the soil all about being water-logged every fall and spring. And this was the suburban home of one of the Four Hundred, with every luxury which wealth could supply—excepting pure air! — 'The Westminster.'

Natural Power.

Dwellers in hilly countries do not seem to appreciate the advantages that may be gained by the use of the mountain streams that abound in such regions. It is rare indeed to see any use made of brooks and wayside springs. This is the more remarkable, as their employment would be a great saving in time and labor to all those who press them into service. All over the country there are farms and country seats where a few days' labor, and a comparatively trifling expense would solve the problem for years to come. Most of these streams would supply a small ram or a turbine, giving an abundance of water in this way, or working a pump placed in the already existing well. A small turbine requires but very little power, and may be attached to an artesian well in such a manner as to give a water supply abundant, not only for family use and stock but for irrigating purposes as well.—N. Y. 'Ledger.'

Sponge the Window Plants.

It is very necessary that the window plants should be kept free from the dust of the room that settles upon them, and this is especially true of those plants whose leaves are thick and glossy, because the pores of such are so minute they become easily clogged with dust, which will very soon injure the texture of the leaves and thus the growth of the plants.

The air indoors is very dry in cold weather from furnace or other heat, and wetting the earth about the roots does not materially benefit the leaves, which are low deprived of the rain and dews of the summer months. The best remedy for this is to regularly sponge the leaves on both sides with tepid water every few days. The India rubber tree, palms, callas, orange, and lemon trees are easily sponged. If the plants are not too large, they may be placed in the sink and sprinkled with a watering pot or a whisk broom. Plants that are not convenient to sponge may be syringed with warm water. An atomizer of large size is excellent for his purpose, Any solution used for destroying insects on the plants is conveniently sprayed through an atomizer.—The Household.

Potato Omelet.

Folded potato omelet served with a soft egg omelet gives a combination that will be found the very thing for at least one morning in the week. If properly made, it is of snowflake lightness and yet full of nourishment. Like its accompanying dish, it should be sent to the table as soon as cooked, as it loses much of its delicacy if allowed to stand. To serve with an omelet of four eggs, allow a cup of cold mashed potato, which must be whipped until very light, with half a cup of hot milk (half cream is still better). Beat three eggs, the whites separately, and the yolks, but reserve the former until the very last. If using plain milk add a little butter. Pepper and salt to taste. The frying pan must be very hot, and when ready for breakfast a teaspoonful of butter is to be tossed about therein. The whites are now added to the potato, the whole well whipped once more, then spread in the pan and put on a hot part of the stove, a broad-bladed knife plunged underneath to the centre to allow the hot butter to run down and prevent burning. The edges must be lifted to watch for the right stage of browning, and when this is accomplished the pan must be drawn to a cooler place or put in the oven; when the contents have 'set' like a custard, all is ready for folding. When served with omelet the two should be cooked simultaneously, and a more appetizing breakfast or luncheon dish can scarcely be imagined.—' Philadelphia Times.'

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